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training school for clergymen or mining engineers or physicians. Where do the institutions for teaching nurses belong,—among such training schools, or among the colleges?

To come back to the original point of departure, recruiting for the nurse's vocation would be stimulated if the invitation were to come to a college instead of to a training school. The undergraduate would feel a new dignity and a new sense of responsibility. When her degree is conferred on her, she would deem herself entitled to more consideration than she now receives, and she would get it. An increase of salaries would gradually ensue. As a college graduate, the nurse in the private home would tend to have the social status of the family; her visits in school work and social service would have a new importance, and her advice a new weight. In fine, she would come back to her own in far greater measure than she does now. Shall we not speed the day of the nurses' college?

THREE CASES: THE THIRTEENTH CASE

BY AGNES JAMES, R.N., AND KATHARINE JAMES
Cincinnati, Ohio

It was not till one night when Mary was balancing a little book she keeps, which is a cross between a ledger and a dairy, that she discovered that the case of the Vamplew child, was her thirteenth since graduating. She turned to me with an awed look:

"Cordelia, isn't that the most remarkable thing you ever heard of?" she breathed, and I admitted that it was.

While Mary has lots of imagination, she is wholesomeness personified, and what she told me about that case, I knew to be the wide awake truth. Dr. Bleets, the children's specialist, called her and told her he wanted her for a very important little kid, an only child and heir to great possessions by all accounts,—at least he would be some day, if they could keep him alive.

"Is it scarlet or measles or simply a feeding case, Doctor?" said Mary very respectfully, and old Bleets said it was not contagion, but what it was he did not know, and that he was hoping her intelligent coöperation would assist him.

Mary turned from the telephone with a sigh, "I never before heard Dr. Bleets admit there was anything he did not know. I wonder if he thinks I'm Houdini or Madame Blavatsky. I think I'd rather be up against plain measles, then I can get my bearings."

"Oh, no you wouldn't," I argued cheerfully, "there's nothing funny in being shut up with a spotty child, and having your food poked at you through a grill, and smelling of carbolized sheets. Go to it and triumph, and Bleets will write a paper for the JOURNAL and illustrate it with 'before' and 'after' pictures of the child, in your arms.

But in spite of me she went away soberly which, in the light of subsequent events was a justifiable attitude. It was weeks before I saw her again, and this is the tale she unfolded.

The address Dr. Bleets gave me was in a fashionable part of town, and the house itself the real thing in ancestral abodes. A manservant opened the door, and when I introduced myself and told him Dr. Bleets had sent me, he obligingly took my suitcase and said that Mrs. Harms would see me at once, so I followed him along a lovely corridor affair, all palms and statuary, into a dear little sitting room, with the cutest cretonne hangings and a pair of little love birds in a rustic cage.

Mrs. Harms proved to be the housekeeper, a dignified middle-aged lady, fully impressed with her own importance, but quite inclined to be friendly and I wasn't afraid she'd make it any harder for me, as some do. She ordered tea for me, and while I drank it and ate some adorably thin bread and butter, she told me about my case.

Master Spenlove, as she called him at first, was the only child, and the last of the Vamplews. He had always been a frail and sensitive little boy but, until recently, normal and healthy. The death of his mother, six months ago, had been attended by some childish grief and loneliness, but to all appearances he had reacted from it and forgotten, with the exception of refusing to be parted from an old blue satin slipper she had worn. They had an excellent nurse maid, Jenifer Prudden, who had been with him since his birth, and life seemed to be on the eve of assuming its ordinary routine when little Spen developed disquieting symptoms of apathy. He no longer played with his toys and it was with great difficulty that he was coaxed to eat enough to maintain life.

His father, Beverly Vamplew, who idolized the child, grew frantic with anxiety and many specialists had been consulted. Professional nurses had so far been dispensed with, as Jenifer was so capable and all had feared the effect of strange faces, but now it had reached the point where to try was no worse than not to try, although each new experiment had proved a forlorn hope. Symptoms there were none, save this deadly indifference to normal stimulus. Of course forced feeding had been resorted to by one of the doctors, but beyond almost sending the child into fits with fright, he had accomplished nothing. Dr. Bleets seemed to be of the opinion that a profound

shock to the nervous system had resulted from some agency of which we were in ignorance, and held out a faint hope that a recovery and reaction might occur spontaneously, but the question now was whether his little body could hold out for the required time.

It was easy to see that Mrs. Harms was not hopeful and her tears flowed freely, as she recounted his baby charms. I did not wonder at her grief when I saw him later, because of all the children I have ever known, "Little Spen" was the gentlest and most loving. He occupied a huge room, the long windows opening onto a delightful balcony, and his little white cot was pulled up to them. Sheer hangings of cobweb fineness were suspended from silver rings over the bed-head, and a frilled cover of white silk embroidered with rose petals, hung almost to the floor. In the midst of all this splendor was a wee boy of about three, with a skin like a lily, and tiny curls just edging on the color of copper. Huge, appealing blue eyes fastened on me and won my heart at once, and to my joy he looked at me with baby confidence.

"That is wonderful," whispered Mrs. Harms, her voice almost shaky with thankfulness, and while I was making careful advances into favor, I became conscious of being watched by two people who had just entered; the one, a girl in the immaculate appointments of a maid, and the other, a gentleman bordering on middle age.

In spite of all my efforts, my success was poor and little Spen relapsed into the apathy that had so long and mysteriously claimed him, his pitiful fingers clasped round the old satin slipper that lay beside him. Disappointed, I turned from the bed to meet the eyes of Jenifer Prudden, which I could swear held a veiled challenge. But later I was equally certain I had dreamed it, such flawless service did she render to me and to the child.

Mr. Vamplew was a gentleman, admirable in every interpretation of the word, the product of a long line, selected and trained. His wife, however, had been beneath him socially, being an obscure country girl, but so captivated and satisfied had he been by her physical perfection, that he had imagined he could safely leave her to measure up to her future environment, under his care and guidance. That she had not risen to his requirements in anything but maternity, had been ground for continuous friction, Mr. Vampley's susceptibilities being perpetually outraged by her inability to understand them, and Mrs. Vampley openly resentful.

She had met with a fatal accident while riding a spirited horse he had forbidden her to mount, only regaining consciousness sufficiently to request that her body should not be laid beside her husband's kindred, but back in friendly soil, near people from whom she had

sprung. So she had passed from the House of Vamplew, without leaving even a stone among their illustrious dead.

I had all these details from time to time, in my interviews with Dr. Bleets who in his distraction, so far forgot ethics and professionalism as to discuss the case with me from every angle. Every day we'd thrash it out, at first in hope and confidence, then in doubt and disappointment, and finally in desperation. In spite of us, Baby Spen was slipping from our fingers, growing every minute more like a little tired flower, if one may say such a thing. If his mother had been plebian, she had certainly transmitted none of her characteristics; every atom of his small body was vibrant with breeding and refinement.

"It is strange he always seems to be so much weaker in the early part of the day," I said to Jenifer one morning, as the pair of us tried to rouse and coax him to take a few teaspoonfuls of milk, "most children are at their best during the hours before noon, and not so good later."

"Yes, Miss, it is strange," she agreed respectfully, "and he always sleeps good, too."

The last words were added with an emphasis which I attributed to Jenifer's desire to impress me with her thorough capability to care for little Spen at night, a fact I had never questioned.

(To be continued)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE X-RAY NEGATIVE

BY ROSE M. LORISH, R.N.
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I have been interested in articles appearing in the JOURNAL which are of a practical nature, and especially those which can be applied by the nurse who is doing Roentgenographic technician work.

What is the first step in the development of X-ray plates and films? Perhaps some will say the taking of the picture. This, of course, is very important, but as we are dealing with the development of the film and plate, we must begin with the developer and the apparatus used.

I have found the tray very much more convenient than the tank for developing purposes, although the tank is very convenient in the process of fixing. I have three trays, the largest being a size which accommodates the 14-inch by 17-inch and 11-inch by 14-inch plates. The next in size is used for 10-inch by 12-inch and 8-inch by 10-inch